Too Precious.

"Makers to his majesty" and "imported" are words that carry much weight to many minds. It is strange what a glory a foreign label can cast upon a commonplace article. The fact of a commodity having crossed the water, however, is not taken quite so seriously today as it was some fifty or sixty years ago. M. C. D. Sisbee gives an instance in her "A Half Century In Salem."

Miss Ann M. Rust was one of the two milliners. She had a large collection of finery, shelves full of handsome ribbons and glass showcases of rich embroideries, besides the inevitable bonnets. Once she imported a quantity of exquisite French caps. The strings were somewhat crushed in the transit across the ocean. The caps were quickly disposed of. An aunt bought one, and Miss Rust innocently observed that a "warm iron would make the creases all right."

"What!" indignantly exclaimed the aunt. "Smooth a crease made in Paris? No, indeed; never!"

A Famous English Clock.

Wells cathedral contains one of the most interesting clocks in the whole world. It was constructed by Peter Lightfoot, a monk, in 1320 and embraces many devices which testify to the ancient horologist's ingenuity. Several celestial and terrestrial bodies are incorporated in the interesting movement and relationship. They indicate the hours of the day, the age of the moon and the position of the planets and the tides. When the clock strikes the hour two companies of horsemen fully armed dash out of gateways in opposite directions and charge vigorously. They strike with their lances as they pass as many times as correspond with the number of the hour. A little distance away, seated on a high perch, is a quaint figure, which kicks the quarters on two bells placed beneath his feet and strikes the hours on a bell. The dial of the clock is divided into twenty-four hours and shows the phases of the moon and a map of the universe.—Harper's.

He Made Them Listen.

"X" Beidler, the old vigilante leader of Montana, was elected sheriff of Lewis and Clark county, in which Helena is situated. During Beidler's incumbency the jail was rebuilt and one of the new fashioned steel cages for the prisoners installed. Beidler invited all the notables down to see the cage when it was completed. The governor and the state and city officials and many prominent citizens accepted the invitation. "X" took them into a cage and excused himself for a minute. He went out and locked the door. Then he took a chair and sat down outside.

"Now, dern ye," he said to the imprisoned notables, "ye've bin edgin' off lately when I was tellin' my stories of the old days an' not listenin' to 'em. Now I reckon ye'll listen."

He kept them there three hours—until he had told his whole budget of tales.—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Max O'Rell's Reply.

Max O'Rell at a dinner in Montreal at which were present English, Scotch, Irish and French was asked to give his opinion of the different races. Here is the answer he gave on the instant.

"The Scotchman," he said, and he clinched his right hand tightly and pretended to try to force it open with his left. "The Englishman"— And he went through the same performance, opening the hand at the end after an apparent struggle. "The Irishman"— And he held out his hand wide open, with the palm upward. "The Frenchman"— And he made a motion with both hands as if he were emptying them on the table.

There was not a word of explanation, but all understood thoroughly and had a hearty laugh.

A Good Shot.

A sportsman of great imaginative gifts and fond of telling his exploits related that at one shot he had brought down two partridges and a hare. His explanation was that, although he had only hit one partridge, the bird in falling had clutched at another partridge and brought that to earth entangled in its claws.

"But how about the hare?" he was asked.

"Oh," was the calm reply, "my gun kicked and knocked me backward, and I fell on the hare as it ran past!"

An Old Christmas Law.

The general court of Massachusetts Bay Colony, following the example of the English parliament, in 1659 enacted a law that "anybody who is found observing, by abstinence from labor, feasting or any other way, any such day as Christmas day shall pay for every such offense 5 shillings." This law was repealed in 1681.

It Got Warmer.

Little Willie—Say, pa, doesn't it get colder when the thermometer falls? Pa—Yes, my son. Little Willie—Well, ours has fallen. Pa—How far? Little Willie—About five feet, and when it struck the hall floor it broke."

On the Trail.

"I'm gunning for railroads," announced the trust buster.

"Then come with me," whispered the bear humorist. "I can show you some of the tracks."—Brooklyn Life.

He Was Immune.

Howell—Her laugh is contagious. Powell—Well, I was in no danger of catching it. She was laughing at me.—New York Press.

To know the worst is one way whereby to better it.—Alfred Austin.

The Change That Was Wrought.

The little man was explaining to his audience the benefits of physical culture. "Three years ago," he said, "I was a miserable wreck. Now, what do you suppose brought about this great change in me?" "What change?" said a voice from the audience. There was a succession of loud smiles, and some persons thought to see him collapse. But the little man was not to be put out. "Will the gentleman who asked 'What change?' kindly step up here?" he asked suavely. "I shall then be better able to explain. "That's right!" Then, grabbing the witty gentleman by the neck: "When I first took up physical culture I could not even lift a little man. Now (suiting action to word) I can throw one about like a bundle of rags." And finally he flung the interrupter half a dozen yards along the floor. "I trust, gentlemen, that you will see the force of my argument and that I have not hurt this gentleman's feelings by my explanation." There were no more interruptions.

Two Collars on a Dog.

Having bought a dog that he admired, a man undertook to buy a dog collar. The dog had a neck nearly as big as his head, and the dealer advised the man to buy two collars.

"What for?" said the man. "He's only got one neck, so I guess he can get along with only one collar, can't he?"

"Maybe so," said the man, so the man went away leading the dog by his new collar and chain. In less than a week he brought the dog back.

"I'm afraid I can't keep him," he said. "He is too obstreperous. I can't keep him tied up. His neck is the biggest part of him, and he is as strong as an ox, therefore it is a cinch for him to slip his collar off."

"That was why I wanted you to take two collars," said the dealer. "Put both on and fasten the chain to the back collar, and he can tug away all night without getting loose. He may commit suicide, but he won't get loose."—New York Sun.

Disappointed In Her.

"And so your father refuses to consent to our union."

"He does, Rodolphus."

The sad youth swallowed a sob.

"Is there nothing left for us, then, but an elopement?" said he.

"Nothing."

The girl was fond, but firm.

"Do you think, Clementine, that you could abandon this luxurious home, forget all the enjoyments of great wealth, banish yourself forever from your devoted parents' hearts and go west with a poor young man to enter a home of lifelong poverty and self denial?"

"I could, Rodolphus."

The sad youth rose wearily and reached for his hat.

"Then," said he, "you are far from being the practical girl I have all along taken you to be."

And with one last look around on the sumptuousness that some day he had hoped to share he sobbed and said farewell.—Browning's Magazine.

Had to Take His Own Medicine.

George Barr McCutcheon was waiting for a train in Chicago, and as he passed through the station he saw one of his latest best sellers displayed on the newsstand counter. He picked it up, wrote his name on the fly leaf and handed it to the boy behind the counter. He was moving away when the boy called excitedly:

"Hey, mister, come back here. You've got to buy this book 'cause you've spoiled it by writing your name in it."

"Yes, but did you see the name?" the author asked.

"That don't make no difference," the lad insisted; "nobody'll want to buy it now."

And, hearing his train called, Mr. McCutcheon was forced to pay real money for one of his own books.—Success Magazine.

Outdone.

Teacher—Now, boys, I want to see if any of you can make a complete sentence out of two words, both having the same sound to the ear.

First Boy—I can, Miss Smith.

Teacher—Very well, Robert. Let us hear your sentence.

First Boy—Write right.

Teacher—Very good.

Second Boy—Say, Miss Smith, I can beat that. I can make three words of it—wright, write right.

Third Boy (excitedly)—Gee! Hear this—wright, write rite right.

Teacher (thrown off her guard)—Whew!—Topeka Journal.

Wanted It to Show.

A rich old farmer once had his portrait painted. When the portrait was finished the old farmer looked at it, shook his head and said to the artist: "Very good. Very good, indeed. But there is one fault that you must remedy. Please make the right side of the chest bulge out. That is where I carry my wallet."

The Sad Part.

"Doesn't it make you sad," exclaimed the member of the Audubon society, "to see women wearing on their hats the feathers of the poor little birds?"

"It isn't the feathers that make me sad," replied the practical married man. "It's their bills."—Philadelphia Record.

Collected Some Alimony Also.

She—This is Maud's third husband, and they all bore the name of William. He—You don't say so! Why, the woman is a regular Bill collector.—New York Times.

It is a great evil as well as a misfortune to be unable to utter a prompt and decided no.—Simmons.

Schoolboy Blunders.

The University Correspondent recently offered a prize for schoolboy mistakes. Here are a few examples: "Mute, inglorious Milton"—these epitaphs are used by a writer who was envious of Milton's being poet orient. He finds "sermons in stones" expresses the same idea as Wordsworth's "the restless stone chat all day long is heard." Calvin was a noted scientist and peer, who died lately. Naples is an independent state in the north of India. Shakespeare made a mistake in mentioning Galen, who did not live until a hundred years after his time. The feminine of fox is foxhen. John Burns was the name of one of the claimants to the throne of Scotland in the reign of Edward I. The pyramids are a range of mountains between France and Spain. The three highest mountains in Scotland are Ben Nevis, Ben Lomond and Ben Jonson. Wolsey saved his life by dying on the way from York to London. When the English first landed in Australia the only four footed animal in the country was a rat. Monsoons are fertile gorges between the Himalayas.

When Bjornson Died.

Bjornson's son, in describing the last hours of his father, writes: "Now and then the bright flame of his humor flickered up. The doctor felt his pulse and said it was good. With his face beaming with humor he turned toward us and said, 'I am the first man to die with a good pulse.' He said one evening—and it seemed as if an old wise man was speaking with the weight of experience, 'Now I could write—yes, now I could write, for I have been in the realms of death and have felt the pain that attends death.' And when all of us thought that the indifference of death was upon him—my mother, who always gave him his food, which he would receive only from her, stood at the bedside with a brooch on her breast which she had worn at her confirmation—then he opened his eyes and looked at her. He smiled, lifted his hand and touched the brooch. This was the last sign to the outer world he was able to give."

A Cold Ride.

All through his life Senator Dolliver of Iowa had a horror of fast trains and possible railroad wrecks. Once he was on a train with Vice President Fairbanks.

Dolliver awoke in the middle of the night, and it seemed to him that the train was going at terrific speed. He climbed out of his berth and, arrayed only in his pajamas, started down the length of the train to find the conductor and ask him to order the train run at less speed. It was a cold night, but the senator did not mind that until the door of his car snapped shut and locked behind him and he found that the door of the next coach was also locked. He rode sixty-five miles locked out in the cold of the vestibule before he could wake up anybody to let him in. Mr. Fairbanks finally heard his cries for help and rescued him.—New York Tribune.

Necks and Legs of Animals.

With few exceptions there is a marked equality between the length of the necks and of the legs of both birds and quadrupeds, and whether they be long or short is determined chiefly by the place where the animal must go for its food. This is especially noticeable in beasts that feed constantly upon grass, in which case the neck has just a slight advantage in that it cannot hang perpendicularly down. Crocodiles, lizards and fish have practically no necks. Fowls that feed in the water also offer an example of this correspondence between the members, with the exception of swans and geese and some Indian birds, which gather their food from the bottom of pools and must have long necks for that purpose, while the short legs make it more convenient for them to swim.—Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

A Story Pepys Tells.

Pepys tells in his diary that in the reign of King Charles II. a customer bargaining with a London merchant for claret hired a confederate to "thunder (which he had the art of doing upon a deal board) and to rain and hail—that is, make the noise of—so as to give them a pretense of undervaluing their merchant's wines, by saying this thunder would spoil and turn them, which was so reasonable to the merchant that he did abate two pistolls per tun for the wine in belief of that."

A Mighty Difference.

Brougham used to tell an anecdote about the flight from Waterloo. Napoleon was greatly depressed. His aid riding beside him thought he might be sorrowing over the loss of so many old comrades at arms and tried to comfort him by saying that Wellington also must have lost many friends. "He has not lost the battle," was the reply.

Utterly Useless.

"Pa, what is a futile remark?"

"The one a man makes for the purpose of changing the subject when his wife complains because he has forgotten their wedding anniversary."—Chicago Record-Herald.

She Was Wise.

"I asked Miss Jimps to sing something, and she refused point blank. Is she grouchy?"

"No. She's trying to make a hit with you. Cheer up."—Toledo Blade.

A Sound Reason.

Mistress—Didn't you hear me calling, Jane? Jane—Yes'm, but you told me the other day never to answer you back.—Throne and Country.

Whatever enlarges hope will exalt courage.—Johnson.

The Goose Tower.

In the early years of the fourteenth century the "free cities"—Hamburg, Lubeck and Bremen—sent a delegation of seventy-seven members to King Valdemar to demand increased rights and privileges in their trade with Denmark. The delegates were not very respectful in their language and demeanor, and the king, who was at Vordingborg, told them they acted like a drove of geese and clapped them into prison in the tower, telling them they would stay there until they learned better manners. Over the heavy tower door the king put up a stone with the inscription:

Sieben und siebenteg Hause;
Sieben und siebenteg Ganse;
Ware nicht so viele Hause
Hat ich auch nicht so viele Ganse.

Translated this reads: "Seventy-seven houses and seventy-seven geese. If there were not so many houses I would not have so many geese."

On top of the tower, which still stands solid and strong, was placed a big gilt goose, with neck outstretched as if it were hissing.

The Jerboa and the Melons.

An odd fact relative to a little African melon is thus related by an official of Khartum:

The jerboa or kangaroo rat is found in considerable numbers in places miles and miles away from any water or even dew, and I was at a loss to understand how these little animals could exist through the ten months of drought. It appears, however, that after the scanty rains a small wild melon of bitter taste, but full of juice, flourishes in the desert. The jerboa, as soon as the melon is ripe, bites off the stem and proceeds to dig away the sand under the melon, so that it gradually sinks below the level of the ground. The constant wind soon covers it with six to eight inches of sand, which protects it from the scorching sun and from drying up. When all other moisture has evaporated the jerboa goes to his larder and drinks the juice of the melon till the rains come on again. One jerboa will bury as many as forty of these little melons to last him through the dry season.

The Automobile.

In some respects the automobile is the most marvelous machine the world has yet seen. It can go anywhere at any time, floundering through two feet of snow, ford any stream that isn't deep enough to drown out the magneto, triumph over mud axle deep, jump fences and cavort over plowed ground at fifteen miles an hour. It has been used with brilliant success in various kinds of hunting, including coyote coursing on the prairies of Colorado, where it can run all around the broncho, formerly in favor, since it never runs any risk of breaking a leg in a prairie dog hole. Educated automobiles have been trained to shell corn, saw wood, pump water, churn, plow, and, in short, do anything required of them, except figure out where the consumer gets off under the tariff law.—Outing.

The Word "Gaiters."

Episcopal gaiters cannot date from a very remote antiquity. The very word "gaiters" is almost a newcomer to the language. Johnson's Dictionary does not recognize its existence. It does not occur before 1700, and even in 1802 a military dictionary had to define it as "a sort of spatterdashes." "Guetre," however, the French original, goes back at least to the fifteenth century, and the origin of that is lost, though etymologists compare all sorts of words in all sorts of languages, including an old German word for a baby's christening cloth. The one certainty is that gaiters has nothing to do with gait in spite of the punning line in the "Rejected Addresses"—"Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait."—London Standard.

The Self Sacrifice of Fadzeau.

A fine historical dog story is recalled by Mr. Edwin Noble in "The Dog Lover's Book." The incident is connected with the flight of William Wallace to the mountains after Erneside, accompanied by only sixteen followers, among whom was one named Fadzeau. When the baying of the blood hounds was heard announcing the coming of the English Fadzeau refused to go any farther, affecting weariness, and Wallace, suspecting him of traitorous intentions, killed him. When the English came up the hounds stayed upon the dead body and refused to follow beyond the stains of blood.

He Beat Her.

A woman said to the railway station ticket agent angrily:

"Look here, sir, I've been standing before this window twenty-five minutes!"

The agent, a gray, withered little man, answered gently:

"Ah, madam, I've been standing behind it twenty-five years."

Evolution.

Brown—Do you believe in the theory of evolution? Black—Sure thing. For six years a young fellow named Jones has been calling on my daughter, and today she became Mrs. Jones.—Judge.

Well Off.

Fred—I proposed to Miss Dingley last night. Joe—Don't believe I know her. Is she well off? Fred—Yes. I guess so. She refused me.—Stray Stories.

Similar Tastes.

Bacon—Have you and your wife similar tastes? Egbert—I think so. I don't believe she likes her cooking either.—Yonkers Statesman.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtue.—Nelson.

A Problem That Stumped Rousseau.

A curious little book is an old, old treatise on aeronautics by Jean Jacques Rousseau, called "Le Nouveau Dedale." Like Leonardo da Vinci and Cyrano de Bergerac, Rousseau was haunted by the dream of aerial navigation. We read: "Men walk on the earth, they sail on the water and swim in it. Is not the air an element, like the others? What business have the birds to shut us out of their premises while we are made welcome in those of the fishes?" Rousseau took no stock in any theories propounded by the Darius Greens of his day. He sifted the matter for himself and thought it involved two problems. First to find a body lighter than air, so that it would rise. He imagined that sooner or later such a body might present itself. There was no telling. But what stumped him was his second problem—how to make that obliging body stop rising and how in creation to make it come down. This was too tough for Jean Jacques, and he wound up his book by admitting it. For a long time "Le Nouveau Dedale" remained unpublished, appearing only in 1801.

When a Ship Turns Turtle.

To "turn turtle" means, in nautical language, that a ship rolls too heavily, fails to recover herself and after a brief period on her beam ends turns topsy turvy, so that her keel points skyward. Then, of course, she sinks. Frequently the compressed air imprisoned in her hull blows her bottom out as she goes down, or if she is a steamer her boilers burst, with like results. As a rule, ships turn turtle because they are burdened with too much "top hamper" or from lack of sufficient ballast, or both causes combined. Rarely does it happen that there are any survivors, but there is one notable exception in the case of the battleship Captain, which was lost after this fashion in the bay of Biscay. In her case exactly three minutes elapsed from the time she first turned turtle until she finally sank, and forty of her crew of 500 men clambered up her side as she rolled over and on to her keel. Of these eighteen men were eventually rescued and were able to describe later on precisely what occurred.—Pearson's.

Mining For Coffin Planks.

One of the most curious industries in the world is the business of mining for coffin planks, which is carried on in upper Tonkin, a portion of the French possessions in southeastern Asia. In a certain district in this province there exists a great underground deposit of logs, which were probably the trunks of trees engulfed by an earthquake or some other convulsions of nature at a comparatively recent period. The trees are a species of pine known to the natives and also to some extent to European commerce as "nam-hou." The wood is almost imperishable and has the quality, either through its nature or as the result of its sojourn underground, of resisting decay from damp. This quality makes it particularly valuable for the manufacture of coffins, and for this purpose it is largely exported to Europe. The trees are often a yard in diameter. They are buried in sandy earth at a depth of from two to eight yards and are dug up by native labor as demand is made for them.—Harper's Weekly.

How to Cool Things.

A newlywed named Jones was talking to his friend Casey the other day about the heat in his flat and was asking the other for a little advice.

"Do you know my dining room is the hottest place in the world?" began the newlywed. "Do you know of any way I might cool it off?"

"From experience I should say that a very good way to bring about a change in atmospheric conditions," remarked the older married man, "and one that is sure to bring results one way or the other, is to take a friend home to dinner when your wife isn't expecting company." — Philadelphia Times.

His Line.

A charming young member of a woman's literary club, who adds the distinction of being a bride to successful authorship, recently met a gushing stranger at a club reception.

"Oh, Mrs. Blank, I am so glad to meet you. I enjoy your stories so much, and your husband's too." Then adding as an afterthought, "He is literary, too, isn't he?"

"Thank heaven, no!" replied the bride. "He's in the coal business."—New York Press.

Progressing.

"I think Arthur would have proposed to me last night if you hadn't come in the room just when you did."

"What reason have you for believing that?"

"He had just taken both of my hands in his. He had never held more than one of them at a time before."

Wide Hats In 1798.

An artist has advertised that he makes up wornout umbrellas into fashionable gypsy bonnets. The transition is so easy that he is scarce to be praised for the invention.—London Times, July 7, 1798.

Solid Goods.

"What became of that cake I baked for you?" demanded the fiancee.

"I sent it downtown to have my monogram engraved on it," replied the fiance.—Kansas City Journal.

The Worst to Come.

"Do you think we have heard the worst of the discords in our party?"

"Not yet," replied the musical man. "Just wait till our glee club gets to practicing."—Exchange.

Art is long, life short, judgment difficult, opportunity transient.—Goethe.

Pushing and Pulling.

It has been wisely observed that most operations can be more efficiently performed by drawing them along through their proper course than by attempting to push and jam them through, just as it is much easier to pull a rope than it is to push it. There are probably not many persons who have tried to push a rope, but very many have attempted things almost as perverse. In many manufacturing establishments, for example, there may be seen numerous examples of men wasting a large part of their energy endeavoring to move heavy pieces of work upon small trucks, pushing and laboring in the exertion of effort, a small fraction of which goes to cause the actual progression. Even when such an effective aid to transport as an industrial railway is installed it is often used at less than its proper efficiency because there is too much pushing and not enough pulling.—Cassier's Magazine.

Bags That Last.

"The young chap whose morals I tremble for just now is my nephew," the city salesman remarked. "He has a position as errand boy in a banking house. He is a bright lad and as steady as they make 'em, but since he got that job in the bank his women relations are urging him into crime. They do not advise him to pick his employers' pockets or run away with the day's deposits, but the principle involved is just as reprehensible. They ask him to abstract a few bags that the silver money is carried in. The women want those bags for sofa pillow covers. They are made of material that will never wear out and feathers and down simply cannot sift through. By boldly asking for what he wanted the boy has secured enough bags to incase his mother's sofa pillows, but if he supplies the rest of the family I see nothing ahead of him but a career of crime."—New York Sun.

Do You Want to Get Slender?

A food specialist said of dieting: "The simplest, easiest and most efficacious diet to bring down the weight is the one dish diet. At no meal, that is, should more than one dish be eaten. The dish may be what you will—Irish stew, macaroni and cheese, roast beef, vegetable soup, bacon and eggs—but no courses are to precede or follow it. You may eat as much as you choose of the dish, and yet, for all that, you will lose weight steadily. It's the variety of dishes—the oysters, soup, fish, turkey, mince pie, ice cream—it's the variety of dishes, creating an artificial appetite when the body has really had all it requires, that causes corpulence. If we confine ourselves to one dish we know when we've had enough—we don't know otherwise—and the result is that we soon drop down to the slimness natural to children, animals and temperate and healthy men and women."—Kansas City Star.

A Miracle Under Orders.

In "The Glory of the Shia World," translated from a Persian manuscript, is a story that will interest Christian Scientists:

"Nadir, builder of the 'golden porch of Nadir,' in the sacred city of Meshed, was a world conqueror and a lord of perception, albeit cruel. Of his power of perception they relate that one day when he entered the sacred shrine he saw a blind man invoking the aid of the Imam, and upon inquiry he learned that he had been there for several months. The great monarch asked him why his faith was so weak that his sight had not been restored and swore that if on his return he found him still blind he would cut off his head. The wretched man prayed so fervently and fixed his mind so intently on the Imam that within a few minutes his sight was restored."

Might Be In a Nice Fix.

Two men of Milwaukee were discussing the case of a person of their acquaintance whose obituary, it appears, had been printed by mistake in one of that city's newspapers.

"Oh, ho!" exclaimed one of the Germans. "So dey haf brinted der funeral notice of a man who is not dead already! Vell, now, he'd be in a nice fix if he vas one of dose beeble vot believes everything dey sees in der bapers."—Harper's Magazine.

Sorry He Asked.

"Have you any special terms for automobilists?" asked the man in bearskin and goggles.

"Waal, yes," responded the old tollgate keeper, whose gate had been broken down by speeding machines. "Sometimes I call them deadbeats, an' sometimes I call them blamed rascals. Anything else you want to know, mister?"—Chicago News.

Parsimony and Economy.

"Papa," said a child, "what is the difference between parsimony and economy?"

"I will explain the difference by an example," the father replied. "If I cut down my own expenses that is economy, but if I cut down your mother's then it is parsimony."

His Suggestion.

The great road builder had his mind on his work that morning, as the following dialogue between him and his wife will show:

"How do I look, dear?"

"Fairly well, but I should say that your face needed resurfacing."—New York Press.

The Only Kind.

Ella—Did you get a plain view of Miss Luglie? Emma—Certainly. That was the only kind I could get.—Exchange.

When life ceases to be a promise it does not cease to be a task.—Amiel.